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The Week

HERBERT HOOVER has been elected President by an overwhelming popular majority and the greatest electoral college vote in history. He will be supported by a clear majority, not only of titular Republicans but of those representing his wing of the party, in the House and probably in the Senate as well. The future therefore lies in his own hands. Few men in the history of the nation have ever faced greater opportunities or accepted a greater responsibility. The New Republic differs with Mr. Hoover on many issues, as our readers know; but we also recognize the fine qualities which he brings to his new post. He is much the best President the Republicans have elected since 1904; his administration is certain to be marked by an honest and intelligent attempt to grapple with every pressing problem, domestic and foreign. The choice presented to the voters this year was between two men of extraordinary abilities; and while we preferred his opponent we recognize that Mr. Hoover is qualified for his great place.

THE majority of the nation's voters have testified to the confidence they place in American business and its political instrument—the Republican party. They were not, we believe, much frightened this time by the alleged imminence of material disaster to follow Democratic success; they simply were satisfied again to entrust political leadership to the same forces which exercise economic leadership. In so far as the Democratic party succeeded in winning business approval, it merely succeeded in becoming an inferior copy of the Republican. This sense of well-being in a successful capitalist order, this feeling of participation in its benefits—or, at the least, in its security—constitutes the chief significance of the election. The significance is heightened by the fact that in this campaign the party of business put its best foot forward by nominating a technically trained business man with a high order of intelligence in his own field. The vote of confidence was not only for the party, but for the man. It was strikingly similar to the vote of confidence which is sometimes given by a busy board of directors to a corporation executive, when they have not the time or the interest to examine his specific policies, but have looked over the financial reports of the company and are satisfied with the net result.

THAT Governor Smith's religion was a factor of great importance in rolling up the monumental vote against him is suggested by the fact that Protestant Democrats, running with him in various parts of the country, proved stronger than he. In presidential campaigns the opposite is usually true, even when the head of the ticket is defeated. No one can ever say how many voters cast their ballots against Smith, rather than for Hoover, on religious or other grounds, but the number must have been very large. At the same time it is probably true that he would have been defeated even without the handicap of Catholicism, since the votes of the Southern states which he lost would not have changed the result, and in the Northern urban centers he undoubtedly benefited from the ballots of many thousands of his co-religionists who would

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otherwise have supported Hoover. While it is altogether unlikely that Governor Smith will ever again be his party's nominee, he continues to be its outstanding personality. As such, he will undoubtedly continue to exercise great influence on its policies, and in the direction of that progressivism which has been the chief characteristic of his career.

NEITHER Hoover nor the Republican party nor anyone would be justified in saying that the election furnished a clear mandate for or against any specific policy. Certainly not on prohibition, since without the many thousands of wets who voted for Hoover, his lead might easily have been wiped out in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other important industrial states. Certainly not on farm relief; Hoover's majorities in the farming districts of the Central West included many thousands of McNary-Haugenites and their leaders. As to water-power, concern for the problem scarcely percolated to more than a small minority of the nation's voters. Franklin Roosevelt, who made it his leading campaign issue in New York, ran far ahead of Smith; Wisconsin and Nebraska, which follow the progressive leadership of La Follette and Norris on this question, voted against Smith for other reasons. Hoover's conduct of his own campaign precluded the possibility that it might be regarded as a popular referendum on any of these issues, since his appeal was consciously general and vague. Not one of them is settled in the public mind; all will live to make trouble in the future. Indeed, there is a good deal of ground for saying that, while millions of those who voted for Hoover did not oppose Smith's programs, a large part of Smith's enormous popular vote was impelled by determined support of them. For Smith made a supreme effort to convert the electorate on the basis of informed approval of exactly what he proposed to do.

THE breaking of the Solid South is an important event, but one about which a note of caution needs to be sounded. The assumption, hastily made in some quarters, that it means the death of the Democratic party as it now exists, is not supported by any tangible evidence. It seems clear that those Southern Democrats who voted against Smith did so neither because they are now convinced Republicans nor because of admiration of Mr. Hoover's personality. There were certain facts about this year's Democratic nominee which ran counter to deep-seated prejudices; but if in 1932 the party chooses a candidate who does not call out this emotional opposition, there is good reason to suppose that the Solid South will be reconstituted. Eventually, the Southern conservatives will no doubt align themselves with the Northern conservatives with whom their economic interests are increasingly identical, but this development is still too far in the future to have political significance.

THE status of the progressives as a result of the campaign is confused, but by no means hopeless. Their formations assumed for this battle have been shattered, their forces have been dispersed, but their numbers are still large and they have not lost much of their terrain. It is too early to say how the lines may be reformed. The chance of seeing a reinvigoration of the Democratic party under the dynamic force of Smith's leadership in national office is, of course, lost. There remains the advance made in the understanding of some of the progressive issues by his active campaign. The New Republic appears to be confirmed in its judgment, registered months ago, that in the effort to arouse support of progressive policies which require popular understanding, Smith began far too late. This is particularly true in view of the fact that the Democratic party had, before his nomination, done almost nothing to prepare the ground. A victory for informed intelligence cannot be won overnight. Smith was undoubtedly misled by his previous success in converting the voters of New York State by educational campaigns begun late in the day; he did not sufficiently realize the enormous obstacles of inertia which he had to overcome in the national arena, or the immense difficulty of covering this great and diffuse nation as compared with a single state which had grown to know him. It is undoubtedly true that even many who labelled themselves progressive were ill equipped with the information necessary to appreciate the full significance of what he had to say. Means of continuous popular education between campaigns is the progressive need of the moment.

PRESIDENT HOOVER will apparently have a Republican Congress behind him. His party's majority of thirty-nine in the House appeared on the basis of incomplete returns to have been increased to fourty-four; and in the Senate the margin by which the progressives held the balance of power between conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats has been reduced if not destroyed. This is not the result of losses by the progressives themselves, since of these up for reëlection five out of six seem to have been successful; it is due to Republican gains at the expense of Democrats. In the New Republic's opinion it is a good thing for the country that a President of Mr. Hoover's turn of mind should have a Congress of the same temper. His policies will thus get a fair trial and can be judged on their merits four years hence.

CHIEF JUSTICE Benjamin Cardozo, of the New York State Court of Appeals, is one of the most thoughtful and able of American jurists. Great weight therefore attaches to such an indictment of present-day criminal procedure as he drew up in his recent address at the eighty-second anniversary meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine. He predicted, according to the New

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York Times, that "in the not-distant future a transformation of the system of punishment for crime may be brought about by the teachings of the biochemists, behaviorists, psychiatrists and penologists." The next generation, he suggested, may look upon the death penalty as "an anachronism too discordant to be suffered, mocking with grim reproach all our clamorous professions of the sanctity of life." Lesser punishments, nowadays, are likely to be stern when they should be mild, and *vice versa*. "The casual offender expiates his offense in the company of defectives and recidivists and after devastating years is given back an outcast to the society that made him. The defective or recidivist goes back to renew his life of crime, unable to escape it without escaping from himself." If anyone has ever, in an equal number of words or ten times as many, given a better portrait of the incompetence and cruelty of much of our criminal procedure, we should like to read it. Nor was Justice Cardozo content merely to criticize. He suggested that the Bar Association and the Academy of Medicine should appoint committees which would work together so that the resources of the two professions could be pooled. Immediate purposes might well be a redefinition of insanity as an excuse for crime, and the drawing of a better distinction between the two degrees of murder; and in the background, of course, would be the whole question of the treatment of criminals in the light of the present-day knowledge of psychology, normal and abnormal. This is an admirable proposal, and the New Republic hopes to see it carried out.

BY NATURAL economic causes, the Stevenson rubber export restriction of the British government has died. This is not a sign that the measure was wicked, or basically unsound. It was a price-stabilizing device which, it was hoped, would by maintaining a fair price prevent large areas of rubber production from being irretrievably lost. Its defects were two: first, that it included only regions in the British Empire, and thus the important Dutch and other plantations were free to expand their production without limit, and second, that it did not make provision for the interests of the consumers. During its operation, plans for rubber growing were so greatly enlarged that the price is likely to fall to very low levels some time in the future. We should not be at all surprised to see some of those same American interests who, under Mr. Hoover's leadership, attacked this wicked British monopoly, clamoring for the same kind of protection for their own plantations before many years are past. Will it then be necessary to annex Liberia or other countries where American-owned plantations exist, in order to throw about them our own tariff wall? It might have been wiser in the beginning to call forth international coöperation in fixing supply and price, giving the consumers due representation.

SHOULD Filipino laborers be excluded by law from the continental United States? The California State Federation of Labor believes that they should, and is making every effort to have such exclusion written into the law. Its officials point out that laborers leave the Philippines to come to the United States at the rate of nearly 7,000 a year, and to enter Hawaii at the rate of 11,000. It is said that considerable numbers of those who go to Hawaii, under three-year labor contracts, stay only long enough to save a little money, and then break their contracts and come to the United States. While the number here is now only 30,000, those who advocate exclusion point out that this is larger than the number of Japanese at the time the agitation against the latter was begun. Wages in Hawaii are said to be three or four times as high as those in the Philippines, and the disproportion is, of course, greater still in the United States. The Filipinos are not citizens of the United States, and there is no legal reason why they should not be completely prohibited from entry, as is proposed in a bill (H.R. 13,900) introduced at the last session of Congress by Mr. Welch of San Francisco. The Federation of Labor men who are working for the enactment of this measure will doubtless have a strong public opinion in California behind them; those persons who have insisted that the Japanese should be barred will probably support the same point of view toward the Filipinos. The most regrettable aspect of it is that, if legislation is passed, it is almost sure to be without any genuinely scientific investigation of the facts of the case, and in the absence of serious consideration of possible alternatives.

THE Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has made good on its threat to inform its affiliated bodies that they should not further contribute to Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, N. Y. In spite of the many protests from members of the labor movement and from others sympathetic with labor and acquainted with the work of Brookwood, and in spite of the request of the directors and staff of the institution, it was granted no hearing, it was not informed of the specific charges against it, and it was given no opportunity to disprove them or to state its case. The Council adopted the position that Brookwood was not on trial, and that, as the representative of the trade-union movement, the Council can do what it sees fit in the matter without accounting to anyone. No more flat defiance of public opinion, and of all who are not intimately associated with the Federation machine, has been issued in years. Apparently the Federation officials do not care a rap what anyone thinks of them or their judgment. They are willing to take arbitrary action in a matter intimately concerning academic liberty, education policy, and the relationship of the Federation with the public, with as little sense of public responsibility

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as one might exercise in declining a cigarette. Certainly the Federation officials have no further right to turn to those outside the movement for understanding or support. They have, by this act, denied that the labor movement has any public standing. The matter is regarded as one such as might arise between factions of a rich men's club. What labor circles may think of it remains to be seen.

Liberal Business and Politics

THE adhesion to the Smith campaign of prominent business leaders like John J. Raskob, William H. Woodin, and even Owen D. Young, was something of a shock to many of Mr. Smith's progressive supporters. It furnished a renewed occasion for the Socialist orators to allege that the two old parties were cut out of the same piece, and derived their sinews of war from the same sources, and that neither could be counted upon to give loyal adherence to the interest of workers and farmers where those interests opposed the wishes of big business. The only answer that could have been candidly made was that the motives of these men had little to do with economic issues. They were impelled largely from such incidental impulses as personal friendship, admiration for Smith the man, or conviction that prohibition was the chief problem before the country. And their support was sought and accepted by the Governor, not because he intended to hand the administration of the national government over to big business, but in order to neutralize, with those who were afraid that the Democrats might do something to injure prosperity, the effect of the genuinely progressive policies which Mr. Smith intended to advocate. It was more difficult to convince people that he was a dangerous socialist on account of his water-power stand while Mr. Raskob and Mr. Young stood by his side. These, to the best of our knowledge and belief, were the facts.

At the same time, questions of significance far broader than the boundaries of the campaign arise from this incident. Why should it be assumed without question that all leading business men must be in fundamental agreement about national economic policy, and that their opinions are necessarily conservative if not reactionary? Must the Democratic party choose between being the *alter ego* of the Republican and sacrificing the support of an influential group of industrial leaders? Is it impossible to attract large campaign contributions from rich men and at the same time to be loyal to the interests of those who earn their bread by their daily work?

In Great Britain, the Labor party has for years argued that there is little distinction between the Conservative and the Liberal parties, and has offered itself as the one intellectually and morally valid opposition to the ruling classes of the country. It has made tremendous headway in that campaign. Yet, during the past year, an influential committee of the Liberal party has produced a program for the industrial and social reconstruction of the realm which is so fundamental and thorough-going that in this country it would undoubtedly be attacked as rank socialism. This program is believed, by a number of the influential leaders of the Labor party itself, to be superior in many respects to any offered by their own organization. It may, indeed, form the basis of an alliance on immediate issues in the next Parliament between the two parties, who together are likely to have a majority over the Conservatives. Yet the committee framing the program comprised some of the biggest business men in the United Kingdom. It comprised authoritative, but not Socialist or working-class economists, like John Maynard Keynes and Sir William Beveridge. It was heavily financed by funds not derived from labor contributions. And no surprise is felt or expressed abroad that such a program should come from such a source.

It is true, of course, that the Liberals did not produce this program until after they had become the third party and were felt to be in danger of utter disappearance as a political entity. It is true that they have been driven far by the successful competition of Labor and the Socialists. But it is also true that, years ago, when they were in the ascendancy, and were recognized as being largely the industrial party in contradistinction to the Conservative land-owners, they sponsored measures of social insurance, land reform and the like which are much like those being urged by the Socialist party in the United States today, and which, if the Democratic party should adopt them, would clearly set it off from the Republican tradition.

The fact that American business leaders have appeared to stick together so cohesively in a single party with a reactionary doctrine is not the consequence of a law of nature, but is rather a reflection upon their intelligence. Their class-consciousness has been appealed to so often from political sources that they have long since become the most hard-shelled and prejudiced group in the nation. Neither farmers nor working men have any such emotional loyalty toward their own economic group or any such neurotic fear of anything that might conceivably injure it. Tariff drives, open-shop drives, a constant preying of special interests upon the sensibilities of this class by those who wished to enlist its power, have deprived most of its members of any initiative of their own, when it comes to broad questions of political or economic philosophy.

This situation is a pure loss to the national well-being. It would be just as great a loss—perhaps a greater one—even if the non-business elements should achieve an equally dogmatic solidarity and thrust the business group out of political power altogether. This is true on any theory other than the theory that there is no valid politics in a capitalist state except the politics of class conflict. This crudest of the socialist theories may be true, but the

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only way to test whether it is true or not is to act as if it were not at least the whole truth.

We should not expect many business men to ally themselves permanently with a radical party basing its strength upon oragnized workers or farmers. But there is every reason in the world why some of the leading industrial executives should work toward policies of social and economic amelioration which look beyond the immediate interests of their particular concerns. Why should not the apostles of efficient production favor the regularization of labor relations which would arise from the existence of a strong trade-union movement capable of coöperating with them for higher productivity in the interests of all? Why should not the lords of mass production favor those political, as well as those economic, measures which may lead to more equal distribution of income, and hence a wider market for their products? Why should not the manufacturers who must produce in great measure for export admit that a highly protective tariff is not their chief interest in life? Why should not those who want an abundance of cheap power, not only for their own plants but for those millions who buy what they make, favor curbing the greed of the public-utility promoters, even if a large measure of government ownership is involved? Why should not those who have come to see that industrial administration must become a professionalized activity not depending chiefly on the motive of personal gain admit that administrative skill may be just as effective in public as in private enterprises? Above all, why should not those who have felt the fascination and seen the gain of the integration and systematization of large private enterprises understand that similar methods may be applied fruitfully to fields lying outside the competence of private profit, like the proper regulation of the investment of the surplus capital resources of the nation, the organization of the bituminous coal industry, housing and city planning?

There are capable business men who have individually and tentatively ventured in all these directions. There is no reason why the Democratic party, under imaginative leadership, should not gradually build a program which would focus their interests in the political field. It is, we believe, a possible task to break up the primitive and dangerous class-consciousness of business leaders in the United States, to create among them a respectable and powerful opposition to the reactionary fetishes which in politics have so long been identified in the American mind with big business. That would give a reason and a permanence to the adhesion of liberal business men to the Democratic party; it would rob their campaign contributions of sinister significance. It would probably not diminish the ultimate need for a party of workers, but at least it would furnish a program and an organ for that very real force in American life which is ready to believe both that all is not well with our fundamental economic arrangements, and that much—very much—can be done without a drastic and disturbing overturn of the sources of political power in the United States.

The Role of the Expert

As the recent campaign begins to take on perspective within the frame of time, one of its most dominant notes appears to be consideration of the role of the expert in the modern world. This was, indeed, a foregone conclusion with the nomination of Herbert Hoover. His reputation in public life, long before he began to be considered for public office, was based chiefly on the fact that he was a technical man. The engineer in business as administrator of mining enterprises, in war work as executive of Belgian relief and later as Food Administrator in the United States, in political office as Secretary of Commerce—this was what, all along, appealed most to the imagination of his supporters. It undoubtedly accounts for most of the votes he received, not counting those millions of ballots cast not so much for him as against Al Smith and the Democratic party and Tammany and the Catholic Church and a wet program. It was his one positive asset.

There was a time when writers of academic or technical persuasion used to bemoan the lack of popular appreciation of the expert. This ideal man with the scientific training, the addiction to research and experiment, the sure and systematic knowledge of useful facts, was submerged, when it came to his effect on society as a whole, by turgid waves of superstition and prejudice, by a wholly false exaltation of the wisdom of the average, by a perverted dogma of democracy. Emotional and random impulses prevented his true worth from being recognized. Enthrone him in a position of authority, it was said, and civilization would really progress. But, in those days of discouragement, it would have been regarded as a hopeless enterprise to exalt him by political appeal to the electorate. Even the fact that Woodrow Wilson had been a college professor was supposed to be his chief political liability. To nominate for President a man like Hoover would have been thought a wholly quixotic enterprise.

But reverence for expert capacity has made rapid strides in the past few years. In the appliances and services with which modern industry has surrounded us, the work of the physical scientist, the inventor, the engineer, has been thoroughly obvious. Statistics have been granted their place, not only in the management of vast business enterprises, but in the small establishment. Indeed, they are accorded an almost superstitious reverence even in speculation by the man playing the market with a few thousand dollars. The old-fashioned scorn for "theory" and for anything but the hunches of the "practical

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man" have given way. So complete has been the overturn that many otherwise intelligent people have been willing to trust their fate blindly to a candidate bearing the expert label, even though he would not define in advance the programs he intended to follow regarding the political issues most closely concerning the average citizen. There was a good deal of agreement with the position that such matters were too intricate to be formulated in such a way that popular judgment could be registered upon them. There was nothing for the voter to do but to resign his reason and his wishes in favor of the benevolent authority of the man who was supposed to have skill and knowledge superior to his.

Does all this indicate that the battle of the expert is now won, in so far as those who voted for Hoover on this ground are concerned? Can we now proceed to make full use of expert contributions toward the general welfare? There are a large number of competent experts who do not think so. Statisticians have pointed out that Mr. Hoover's use of economic statistics has been, in numerous respects, grossly in error. Economists have remarked basic absurdities in his attitude toward the tariff, prosperity, foreign trade and the war debts. Political scientists have been revolted by his reliance upon the shadiest type of advisers such as Bascom Slemp, Senator Moses and their kind. Experts on public utilities have disagreed violently with his assumption on water power and utility control. Labor experts have failed to find any light in his policy toward unemployment and the abuse of the injunction. Experts on foreign relations have been fearful of the consequences of his economic nationalism. Many of the most competent men in these and other fields have strongly preferred the policies of Al Smith, who not only has no engineering degree, but left school after completing the fifth grade.

There is more of significance in this conflict than the obvious comment that doctors disagree. For, in many if not most of these specialties, Mr. Hoover is not qualified to speak as a doctor at all. He is an engineer—a mining engineer. He has had a considerable and useful experience in business and bureau administration. But Mr. Hoover emphatically is not, and on several occasions has conclusively proved that he is not, a critical statistician, a reliable economist, a good political scientist, an expert on labor problems or an adept in the other special competencies sometimes attributed to him. The public reverence of the "expert" has in this case confused the expert with the man of universal wisdom whom, centuries ago, thinkers used to believe possible. There is no more popular intelligence shown in favoring for the presidency a capable mining engineer than there used to be in electing a capable commanding general. The only change is that today business occupies the center of the stage instead of war.

If the expert is to be granted neither too little nor too much authority, he must make a place for himself as a servant in his specialty, deferring to the expertness of others in theirs. Technical and scientific men have themselves been much at fault in assuming to speak with authority beyond the boundaries of their respective sciences or arts. How often have we not seen the biologist, the anthropologist or the psychologist dogmatizing absurdly about political or social questions? To anyone who was aware of the narrow dimensions of modern expertness, it must have been clear in the recent campaign that Governor Smith was by far the superior expert in political administration, and that he was at least not inferior to Mr. Hoover in deferring to the special competencies of other experts in those fields where the boundaries of their domains overlapped his.

More important even than this professional modesty is the capacity of the really useful expert to orientate himself and his specialty in the general picture of life and effort. Perhaps he knows ways to do things of a certain kind better than most people; does it follow that he knows equally well what ought to be done? What purposes give meaning to his practical endeavor? Vague formulations of beneficence will not answer. Technical competence ill directed and unbalanced may wreak as much harm as good. Herein lies the danger of benevolent despots, even though they be acquainted with geology and the equations of mechanics. Herein lies the necessity of a thorough understanding between the expert and his clients as to what specific objects are to be sought by the use of his skill.

And this leads us to the most difficult of all the tasks of the expert. In addition to being a knower, he must be a teacher. So abstruse are the specialties of modern knowledge that there is no hope of any one man, to say nothing of the citizenry as a whole, understanding the ultimate details of them all. Nevertheless, a condition of the success of science in our civilization is that people should participate, not merely in its objective results, but in the processes by which these results are achieved. We cannot specialize and departmentalize very much the production of rounded personalities and a wholesome common life. As many as possible must share in the acts which create it. Voting to delegate to another the responsibility for important political decisions is not an act at all; it is an abstention from activity. It is not a learning process or the result of a learning process, but a parasitic one. Blind trust of the expert may be too abject for the general good. Only those experts are ultimately useful who can induce the non-experts to share in their function. Without such sharing, the relationship of the expert and the public is sterile. There is a profound significance in the fact that Al Smith, while he has striven to educate and lead others, has grown tremendously, whereas Herbert Hoover, with his trust in closet knowledge, has seemed of late years to retrogress.

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Mr. Houghton's Little Plan

FORMER Ambassador Houghton made a highly interesting speech in New York City just before the end of the campaign. As a political document, it was probably next to worthless, since the policy he advocated is not endorsed by the Republican party, and there is no evidence that his general attitude of mind is popular with any large number of voters. Mr. Houghton discussed the causes which make for war in the modern world, and proposed one specific remedy of his own. He repudiates the suggestion that wars are acts of God, about which mankind is helpless to do anything. He also denies that there is any inveterate and fatal flaw in human nature which causes men to fight, no matter how much against their own best interests. There is, indeed, he says, no will toward combat among the common people of all countries. Despite the fact that they have to do the fighting, suffering and dying, they have no real voice in saying whether their nation shall go to war or not. This is done by officials who, on the whole, are not so much malevolent as stupid. The fact that such officials may have been elected to office does not alter the situation, since almost never are they elected on questions of foreign policy.

To Mr. Houghton it seems monstrous that in a democracy the most important decision of all, whether to go to war, should be left to delegated authority, and this situation he proposes to remedy. His solution is simple, and not new: it is that no country should declare war without the approving vote of its citizens, expressed through a national referendum. Mr. Houghton is a practical diplomat, not a visionary; he concedes that such a policy is not likely to be put into effect by any one power acting alone, and he does not recommend such a step. It should, he thinks, be adopted by several of the leading nations simultaneously, and he believes that this is not impossible. In one of the most striking passages of his speech, the former Ambassador, who has had a better chance than perhaps any other American to learn what present-day Europe thinks of us, urges that we should stop trying to give that continent good advice, generalized "moral leadership," or even assistance in financial reconstruction. We should instead, he thinks, offer Europe his suggestion for national referenda on war as being a typical outgrowth of American democracy.

Mr. Houghton's proposal has one obvious advantage. A national referendum is a vast undertaking, and would require much time. If two countries which were on the brink of hostilities both waited until their citizens had been consulted, a valuable "cooling-off period" would elapse, during which saner counsels might prevail. But what would happen if the quarrel were between nations, one of which was pledged to the national referendum while the other was not? It seems certain that if hostilities had been initiated by one side, military measures in opposition would be undertaken even if the referendum had to be abandoned. Mr. Houghton, in proposing his scheme, is under some embarrassment because the Secretary of State, who was his superior officer until a few days ago, is the author of a plan, which has been adopted by the great nations, for the general renunciation of war. It is evident from what he says that the former Ambassador does not regard the Kellogg treaty as having any practical importance at present. He pays it lip-service by observing that because of it we shall doubtless have no more wars of aggression, but that his plan is just as useful applied to defensive ones. But how can two nations fight if neither is the aggressor? And supposing that in some Alice-in-Wonderland fashion they managed to come to the point of hostilities, is it not clear that if one of them waited for a referendum, it would find itself under an impossible handicap?

There is another criticism of Mr. Houghton's plan which goes even deeper. He assumes that the opinion of the citizens as a whole would be more pacific than that of their rulers, that the class which would have to furnish the soldiers would think more seriously about the consequences than that which would not. But this assumption is subject to the gravest qualifications. There are times when popular sentiment is highly jingoistic, and particularly if it has been fanned through skillful use of the marvelous machinery for propaganda which exists today. We now know that President McKinley was reluctant to declare war with Spain in 1898; his hand was forced, he afterward said, by public sentiment throughout the country, which had been created by the yellow press. Unless Mr. Houghton's plan includes some technique for bringing under control the militarists, the armament-makers, the jingo newspaper editors, all the multifarious forces which make for war-sentiment in times of crisis, it would fail. And more than that: the necessary attitude of mind cannot be created merely by insulating the public against the will to war; there must be substituted a positive will to peace, of which there is at present only a beginning.

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Impressions of Soviet Russia

I. *Leningrad Gives the Clue*

THE alteration of Petrograd into Leningrad is without question a symbol, but the mind wavers in deciding of what. At times, it seems to mark a consummation, a kind of completed transmigration of souls. Upon other occasions, one can imagine it a species of mordant irony. For one can picture an enemy of the present regime finding malicious satisfaction in the baptism of this shabby, down-at-heels city with the name of Lenin; its decadent, almost decaying, quality would strike him as sufficient commentary on the Bolshevik claim of having ushered in a new and better world. But one also understands that more than the name of Peter was stamped upon the city which his energetic will evoked. Everything in it speaks of his creative restlessness. Perhaps Peter, the Tsar, was, after all, what he is often called, the First of the Bolsheviki, and Lenin is his true successor and heir.

At all events, in spite of the unkempt town, whose stuccoed walls, with their peeling paint, are a splendid dress in rags, one has the impression of movement, vitality, energy. The people go about as if some mighty and oppressive load had been removed, as if they were newly awakened to the consciousness of released energies. I am told that when Anatole France visited Russia he refused to collect statistics, accumulate data, investigate "conditions." He walked the streets to derive his ideas from the gestures and the faces of the folk. Never having been in the country before, I have no standard of comparison with what was immediately seen. Nevertheless, one has seen the common people of other countries, and I find it impossible to believe that the communicated sense of a new life was an illusion. I am willing to believe what I have read, that there is a multitude of men and women in Russia who live in immured and depressed misery, just as there is a multitude in exile. But this other multitude that walks the streets, gathers in parks, clubs, theaters, frequents museums, is also a reality, as is their unbowed, unapologetic mien. The idea forces itself upon one that perhaps the first reality is of the past, an incident of a revolution, and the second reality is of the present and future, the essence of the Revolution in its release of courage, energy and confidence in life.

My mind was in a whirl of new impressions in those early days in Leningrad. Readjustment was difficult, and I lived somewhat dazed. But gradually there emerged one definite impression that has stayed with me and has been confirmed by subsequent experiences. I have heard altogether too much about Communism, about the Third International, and altogether too little about the Revolution; too much about the Bolsheviki, even though the final revolution was accomplished by their initiation. I now realize that any student of history ought to be aware that the forces released by revolution are not functions, in any mathematical sense, of the efforts, much less the opinions and hopes, of those who set the train of events in motion. In irritation at not having applied this obvious historic truth to an understanding of what is taking place in Russia, I would have shifted the blame of my misapprehension to others—I felt resentment at those adherents and eulogists as well as critics and enemies who, I felt, had misled me with constant talk and writing about Bolshevism and Communism, leaving me ignorant of the more basic fact of a revolution—one which may be hinted at, but not described, by calling it psychic and moral rather than merely political and economic, a revolution in the attitude of people toward the needs and possibilities of life. In this reaction I am perhaps inclined to underestimate the importance of the theories and expectations which operated to pull the trigger that released suppressed energies. I am still at a loss in trying to formulate the exact importance of the communistic formulæ and the Bolshevist ideals in the present life of the country; but I am inclined to think that not only the present state of Communism (that of non-existence in any literal sense), but even its future is of less account than is the fact of this achieved revolution of heart and mind, this liberation of a people to consciousness of themselves as a determining power in the shaping of their ultimate fate.

Such a conclusion may seem absurd. It will certainly be as offensive to those to whom Marxian orthodoxy constitutes the whole significance of the Russian Revolution as to those who have imbibed the conventional notion of Bolshevist Russia. Yet with no desire to minimize the import of the fate of Bolshevist Marxianism for Russia and for the whole world, my conviction is unshaken that this phase of affairs is secondary in importance to something else that can only be termed a revolution. That the existing state of affairs is not Communism but a transition to it; that in the dialectic of history the function of Bolshevism is to annul itself; that the dictatorship of the proletariat is but an aspect of class-war, the antithesis to the thesis of the dictatorship of bourgeois capitalism existing in other countries; that it is destined to disappear in a new synthesis, are things the Communists themselves tell us. The present state is one of transition; that fact is so obvious that one has no difficulty in accepting it. That it is necessarily a state of transition to

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the exact goal prescribed by the Marxian philosophy of history is a tenet that, in face of the new energies that have been aroused, smells of outworn absolutistic metaphysics and bygone theories of straight-line, one-way "evolution."

But there is one impression more vivid than this one. It is, of course, conceivable that Communism in some form may be the issue of the present "transition," slight as are the evidences of its present existence. But the feeling is forced upon one that, if it does finally emerge, it will not be because of the elaborate and now stereotyped formulæ of Marxian philosophy, but because something of that sort is congenial to a people that a revolution has awakened to themselves, and that it will emerge in a form dictated by their own desires. If it fails, it will fail because energies the Revolution has aroused are too spontaneous to accommodate themselves to formulæ framed on the basis of conditions that are irrelevant—except on the supposition of a single and necessary "law" of historical change.

In any case, Communism, if one judges from impressions that lie on the surface in Leningrad, lies in some remote future. It is not merely that even the leaders regard the present status as only an initial step, hardly complete even as a first step, but that the prevailing economy is so distinctly a money economy to all outward appearances. We used to speculate what would have been our impression if we had arrived in Leningrad with no knowledge of past events and no antecedent expectations as to its economic status. It was, of course, impossible to denude the mind sufficiently of prior prepossessions to answer the query. But I had a strong feeling that, while I should have been conscious of a real psychological and moral difference from the rest of the world, the economic scene would not have seemed especially unlike that of any European country that has not yet recovered from the impoverishment of war, foreign and civil, blockade and famine.

At first, the impression was one of poverty, though not of dire want; rather a feeling that perhaps there was something to be said for all being poor alike, as if the only communism were that of sharing a common lot. But it did not require much time to enable the eye to make distinctions. One readily discriminated, by means of attire and bearing, at least four classes, or perhaps one should say grades, of the kind one meets in any large city of the world. The extremes are not so marked, especially on the side of luxury and display. The classes shade into one another more than one would find to be the case in New York or London. But the distinctions are there. Although fairly long lines are seen waiting at some shops, especially where food is sold, there are no marked signs of distress; the people are well nourished; theaters, restaurants, parks and places of amusement are thronged—and their prices are not cheap. The store windows are filled with the same kind of goods one sees anywhere, though usually of the quality associated with cheap bazaars, children's toys and cheap jewelry drawing the larger crowds at the windows, here as elsewhere. What money there is—and, as I have said, in quality if not quantity there is a purely money economy—is evidently in easy circulation.

I have confined myself to the impressions of the early days, at least to those which subsequent events deepened and confirmed, and to impressions that came directly and upon the surface, unaffected by questions, explanations and discussion. Special knowledge, gained later by more definite inquiry, put some of the earlier impressions in a modified light. Thus one learned that the chief reason why people spend money so freely, and on amusements as well as necessities, is because the entire political control is directed against personal accumulation, so that money counts as a means of direct and present enjoyment, not as a tool of future action. Similarly, as one goes below the surface, one's first impressions of the similarity of the economic system to that of any impoverished country is modified by knowledge that, while the regime is distinctly capitalistic, it is one of government rather than private capitalism. Yet these subsequent modifications converted impressions into ideas rather than annulled the first impressions themselves. The net result for me was that a definite reversal of perspective in preconceptions was effected. The sense of a vast human revolution that has brought with it—or rather that consists of—an outburst of vitality, courage, confidence in life has come to the front. The notion that the Revolution is essentially economic and industrial has in the same degree moved to the background—not that it is, even as far as it has already gone, insignificant, but that it now appears, not as the cause of the human, the psychological, revolution, but as an incident of it. Possibly it is only because of dullness that I did not reason out this conclusion at home. Looking back and judging in the light of history, it is perhaps just what one should have expected. But since the clamor of economic emphasis, coming, as I have said, from both defenders and enemies of the Bolshevik scheme, may have confused others as it certainly confused me, I can hardly do better than record the impression, as overwhelming as it was unexpected, that the outstanding fact in Russia is a revolution, involving a release of human powers on such an unprecedented scale that it is of incalculable significance not only for that country, but for the world.

JOHN DEWEY.

(This is the first of a series of articles by Dr. Dewey telling what he saw and learned during the visit to Soviet Russia from which he has just returned. In the second article he describes streets, shops and sights—"official" and otherwise.—THE EDITORS.)

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Mob Victim

The Story of a Man Who Barely Missed Being One

UNTIL recently I thought of mobs, when I read about them, as remote things. The idea of plodding, peaceable Americans turning into snarling beasts seemed almost unthinkable. I never expected to see such a thing. But I did. And it was my blood they were demanding. It was a unique experience. I, to whom life has been uneventful, call it an adventure. Therefore it was worth while.

For months I had been working in a small, isolated community. The population was largely Southern. Most people agreed that my work was efficient. And I made a number of friends. Then the town was suddenly ripped open by one of the politico-educational-religious wars that so often disrupt small-town life. It was a particularly nasty fight. There was a lining up of forces, a gathering of tension for some time before the climax came. Neighbors turned against each other; churches split; the schools divided; and there was even dissension in the Ku Klux Klan. Everything was set for an explosion. And it was I who touched the thing off.

A misdemeanor was committed. Two men were charged with it; I was one of them. Whether or not I was guilty does not matter. Since I am writing this article, it would be poor sportsmanship for me to argue that I was not guilty. It is enough for me to say that the other man pleaded guilty; I entered a plea of not guilty. I was fined twenty-five dollars in a Justice of the Peace court. Ordinarily, offenses punishable by such light sentences are not a sufficient cause to arouse a mob. But the very triviality of the affair, and the fact that I was not known to be guilty, sheds some light upon the mental processes of the mob.

At noon on the day after the commission of the offense I was warned against going to lunch. My informer told me that a mob was gathering on Main Street; he said they were going to do me violence. It is not boastful for me to say that I was unafraid. No one who knew these people would have been afraid of them. I laughed at the warning, and went out to lunch as usual. I expected to see some people who would be unfriendly; but I had no idea that there would actually be a demonstration of any consequence.

I met the mob as I approached a small bridge over a creek. There were perhaps seventy-five persons in it; more were coming. Some of them were armed with sticks and stones. There was only one thing for me to do; that was to continue the way I was going. To have turned back would not have been discreet; they would have fallen upon me at once. Therefore I advanced toward the crowd.

The thing that impressed me most forcibly was the cowardice of the mob. There were people in that mob who ordinarily could not be called cowards. And every member of the crowd was in a senseless rage. Yet no one made a move to molest me. One blow struck, one stone cast, or even a shove, would have set them on me. But no one seemed willing to start it. The whole demeanor of the mob reminded me of a group of rats. I do not think of myself as a brave man; yet here was a dangerous situation, and I do not remember feeling any fear. The explanation is, I think, that I was too much interested in the phenomenon before me.

As I continued to approach, the crowd began to mill about. When I reached them they parted, and I passed through. There was a great deal of jostling by those around the edges, but no one laid hands upon me. There were many obscene exclamations—most of them from the lips of women who were classed as "respectable"—but there was no overt action. They closed in behind me and followed at a distance of perhaps fifty feet. A stone or two was thrown, but the psychological moment was past; the mob would have to be worked up again before it would become dangerous. The group was gathering size rapidly. Jeering remarks were being hurled at me; but they became an unintelligible babble. Language as well as persons loses its individuality in the mob.

Arriving at my customary eating place, I entered and ordered lunch. The mob drew up outside, blocking the doorway. I do not think I shall ever go to a zoo again. If animals feel the stares of the crowd as I felt them that day, their life must be hellish. My back was toward the door, but I think I was conscious of every pair of eyes in the crowd. As I ate, I found myself trying to explain to myself the actions of these people, many of whom I had considered my friends, none of whom I had harmed. It occurred to me that mob insanity, such as I was witnessing, must be an accompaniment of a sense of inferiority. Some people, whether from isolation, bad fortune, ignorance, ill health, or what not, develop a morbid state of mind. To their friends and acquaintances they are normal individuals, respectable. Yet in their minds they are jealously watching others thrive, are seeing their friends achieve things beyond them. It hurts. They begin hoarding their grievances. Finally they reach a point where trivialities assume the utmost importance. Then someone, it may be a Negro or a

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white man, commits, or is accused of committing, a crime; it may be murder, theft, rape, arson, or merely a misdemeanor. Excitement flares up. The portion of the population which has been cherishing its wrongs goes suddenly insane. Here is a chance to assert itself, to be master, if only momentarily. Result: a lynching or a tarring-and-feathering.

When I completed my meal, I found that the mob had congregated upon an opposite corner. They were becoming much more excited and threatening. Emerging from the restaurant, I encountered a woman with whom I was not acquainted, but who, I learned afterward, was the mother of several children. She was parading up and down the sidewalk, shouting and shaking her fist. Her eyes were wild, her face distorted. In her expression I saw something that could appear only in a human countenance—it was lower than any passion of mere brutes.

This woman, I am confident, had not the slightest idea of what the excitement was about. And if she had known, there was no reason for her participation upon one side or the other. Hers was a mind that could not resist the contagion of mob wrath. It was a pitiable sight. She revealed her soul there before me; and the revelation was not a pleasant one.

A young man who, a short time before, had seemed anxious to be my friend, was one of the most active members of the mob; he was directing it, or trying to do so. His father is an employee of the government, with an office near the place where the mob had gathered. From time to time the father would rush out and talk to the boy, apparently urging the young chap to more strenuous efforts. Then he would return and conduct Uncle Sam's business for a few more minutes. He was teaching his son Americanism, as he conceived it.

A gradual commotion began in the crowd. There was a restless shifting about, an eddying around the center. Murmurings and occasional shouts rose in the air. It was a fine example of energy about to break its bonds—you have seen the water surge up above the rim of a boiling kettle, then settle back?

A girl mounted a curbstone and began to shout. And there I saw the most hideous sight of my life. Some day I may forget all the other impressions which the mob left upon my mind; but I shall carry the image of that girl's face to the grave. Her eyes seemed set in her head, and her lips were drawn back over her teeth in a snarl. She looked as though she would froth at the mouth. The wind whipped up her hair, and I gazed upon Medusa's tresses. I turned my head. She had been my friend—I thought. A minister moved about among the mob, giving advice, reminding them of their vows to hang me, doing his utmost to fan the flame of anger. He was, I suppose, giving a practical demonstration of Christianity as he conceived it.

I started to walk across the street, and the mob ceased its restless surging about and began to move toward me. They were coming slowly now, with much more purpose than they had shown before.

Then a deputy sheriff appeared. He was regarded as a bad man to cross; and on his hip a huge single-action Colt, such as cowboys used in the old days, rested suggestively. The mob had not yet quite lost its reason. It slowed up at the sight of the gun. The officer remarked that things were looking bad, placed me in his car, and drove away with me.

After the feeling had died down to some extent and the deputies had returned to their homes, I was shown placards with the words "hang him" written in large letters. Underneath was a penciled notice, addressed to a group of people with whom I had worked and associated, urging them to assemble to discuss means for securing my "downfall."

I recognized the handwriting. It was that of a girl whom I had considered somewhat above the average in intelligence. She is an active church worker. We had always got on well together. The whole affair was of no consequence to her; yet she was urging that I be hanged.

I wonder if some day, years from now, she will remember writing that placard, and, if she does, what she will feel.

CHARLES N. TRAPP.

Colloquy

One whose immaculate youth was fringed with wisdom
Heavy and dark, pulling her innocence
Closer before she softly flung it from her,
Asked: And does love pass, too? Then waited, tense,

For some barrier, though it were weak as music,
To be raised against that affronting word.
But for a long minute there was no answer given.
Nothing moved but her shawl, that the wind stirred.

Hate, she said, to help them: hate is strengthless,
But love seems rooted like the hills or the sea.
Can this be but a vain imagination—
The heart's argument with mortality?

Seeing the quick pulse in her white throat beating,
Love, they answered, alters, but does not pass:
Though the fuel is renewed, the fire is one: though the waters
Change, the river cannot fade like grass.

She, whose immaculate youth was fringed with wisdom,
Smoothed her grief like some rich silk, nor guessed
The instant tears that stood in the eyes of her elders
At such large tumult in so small a breast.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Indianapolis

A City of the Middle of the Road

I HAD first thought to begin this article with a line from Sophocles, who, long before prohibition, paving contracts and other such modern political evils, said:

> Never can a city be secure
> In which all justice and sobriety
> Are trodden under, and a babbler wields
> A rascal goad and ministers the state.

But then, the words of the Greek dramatist imply a rottener condition than I have to describe, and it would hardly be fair to use him for my source. It would not be fair to him, because he could not, back in those days, have imagined a condition of dull, dead level of merit such as we have; and it would not be fair to us in Indianapolis, because our political rottenness is only good, average, everyday filth. There is nothing extreme or outstanding about it, current hullaballoo to the contrary notwithstanding, except the fuss we make over it ourselves.

So I am minded to begin with a line from Tom Marshall's philosophy. After he had quit being Governor of Indiana and had a good job in Washington as Vice-President of these United States, Marshall utilized his perspective and said, "Indiana has produced more first-class second-rate men than any other state in the Union." For "Indiana" read "Indianapolis" and you have my keynote. We are long on keynotes and noters in Indiana; Claude Bowers is one of our boys.

Ben Harrison, another of our boys, went back to one of the Jews and borrowed a line for Indianapolis—No Mean City; which we translate into the traveling man's words of praise, Not a bad town. But Harrison's line is a kind of platform or Sunday expression; we'll stick with Marshall's.

If I forget myself and begin speaking of Indianapolis and Indiana, it must not be wondered at, for the two are inseparable. Indianapolis is in everything simply Indiana. Away back in 1820 or thereabouts the early Hoosiers decided that the then going-concern cities like old Vincennes and Corydon were all geographically impossible as sites for a state capital. A capital ought to be in the middle of the state, so they decided on the spot where the Ohio River, Lake Michigan and the national roads cross, and set up the Capitol on the bank of White River, west fork.

They called in an early city planner and set the State House and Governor's mansion in the exact center of the plan, in a circle. Around the circle they built a square two blocks each way. Streets were laid out east and west and north and south away from the sides of this square for a mile; and four avenues were traced out on the bias from each of the four corners. All these streets and avenues were named for states, the city even thus early taking on the all-American tinge that visitors so frequently remark.

Indianapolis started in life, therefore, with a very definite and precise *raison d'être:* created to be the state's capital. But there has been no driving or impelling force behind anything else that has happened to us here. Wagon roads came because the early legislators met here; railroads came, and paused, *en route* to St. Louis, Chicago, or wherever. Virginians, Yankees, Pennsylvania Dutch and others came because our land is fertile; and hill billies came from Tennessee and the Carolinas because we have some barren slopes that reminded them of the misery in which they had been happy back home. They all came and clotted in and around Indianapolis.

Natural gas happened to us, and factories seeking cheap fuel clustered and clattered in our back yards. A succession of oil booms swept the state, bringing more people, and we banked, borrowed, brokered and shipped for them, as we were already doing for the earlier comers producing corn, wheat and hogs on the rich land all about us. But none of us had to plan or contrive any of these things for ourselves, our city or our state. They just naturally happened, and so, more or less like Topsy, we growed. We growed until now there are more than 400,000 of us, and before long we will number half a million, more than 94 percent of us native-born.

We do not lay claim to being a superlative city, though we can establish several satisfactory superlatives, such as the world's largest railroad shops, the world's greatest motor race course, the biggest silk hosiery mills in the world, and the greatest per capita production of reading matter in this or any other world.

But we do believe we are the most comparative city in America; we can claim more comparatives than any other community of which we have heard and whose claims we believe. Despite our natural wealth and comfort, we have seen a number of good things happen to us, better things than can happen to other cities. We have been satisfied all along, usually refusing to help any of the new developments, and sometimes even resisting them. Yet we have more than 600 miles of pavements, 250 miles of street-car lines, 600 miles of sewers,

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and 550 miles of water mains. We fussed at the water company, but it has given us a better water supply than most cities enjoy, and at lower rates; we squabbled with the electric inter-urban lines to keep them off the city streets, but they have made us the greatest inter-urban center in the world; and we quarreled endlessly with the power companies, with the net result that we have plenty of electricity at rates low enough to attract more factories than the settled manufacturers like to see coming in and cluttering up the labor market.

We used to make a lot of wagons and buggies, and we had a pretty good horse market. The auto came along, and while our banks refused to gamble with the engineers and salesmen with a view to competing with Detroit for bigness, and though several of our early ventures failed, we are now making about $100,000,000 worth of automobiles a year. And though we did not have a great deal of capital to put into it, and did not care to invite outside money in to root out home industry, our meat packers are turning out some $70,000,000 worth of meats a year.

So we can go on down the line through metal trades, auto accessories, canning, wearing apparel, grain and cereal products, furniture, biological and chemical products, until we find a total of four hundred million dollars' worth of stuff produced in Indianapolis each year. This does not include our production of literature, which has for the most part no money or market, and less literary, value.

Indianapolis approaches half a million—but no, that is not the way to say it. A population of half a million is about to happen to Indianapolis, which is not inclined to get out and approach anything. Why should we? Haven't we got more corn, corn kings, hogs, cattle, paved roads, and so on, than most other communities? Why bother to be biggest when we already are bigger than most, and more comfortable and happier than many of our rivals? Rivals? We have no rivals. We are not in the rivalling business, because we are pretty well off just as we are.

It is not that our people are lazy, for we will work at the things which interest us. We have been busy with parks, and have built twenty-seven. We took up golf, and built eight private and six municipal courses; but it took us several years to jam through a daylight-saving ordinance so that we could play the game on other days than Saturday and Sunday. We got excited awhile ago and decided to build a lake. We would have done it, too, but some engineers advised us we had better leave what little water we had in the river. (This reminds me of our one unchallenged superlative—Indianapolis is the largest inland or completely dry city in America.)

No, we have plenty of energy. The reason why Indianapolis is a comparative rather than a superlative city is that your Hoosier knows no desperate, driving necessity. Look in the Census Bureau tables, or in the World Almanac, and you will find Indiana ranking from second to tenth among all the states in the production or manufacture of all the major or basic commodities. The only exception is Indiana limestone. We supply about 97 percent of the nation's building limestone—and all we have to do is get it out of the ground, cut it up and ship it.

If we ever hit bottom, we might bounce or jump pretty high; but we do not know about that, for we have never hit bottom. We have always been pretty well off, and that is good enough for us. Indianapolis, therefore, is an average or a little better than average, American community. We have plenty of tall buildings, but not the tallest ones; we have plenty of fine wide streets and boulevards, but not the finest or widest. During the post-war period some of our young men hustled out and won for Indianapolis the national headquarters of the American Legion, in consequence of which we are now completing a beautiful War Memorial Plaza. But that is part of our post-war restlessness, not chargeable to our natural or inherent speed.

Indianapolis is the natural consequence of Indiana's natural wealth. If Indiana were first in hogs, instead of second or third; first in quantity of corn, instead of first in quality; first in lumber, instead of being merely in the first dozen; or what not, Indianapolis might be a first or superlative city instead of a better-than-most town. And being no mean city, after all, may be better than being an extreme city, whether best or worst.

But we do have two qualities that are superlative, inevitable consequences of the natural wealth that is all about us. We are probably the most self-satisfied and the most critical of cities. We are most deeply conscious of each other's shortcomings. We produce more ready and willing critics than any other city in the United States, although I shall admit that I know of none of our Hoosiers except George Jean Nathan who has reached any eminence professionally.

Our favorite sport, next to eating our famous Indiana fried chicken, is bewailing the ills and needs of Indianapolis. We are constantly forming new committees and calling new meetings to do something for or about Indianapolis. The Chamber of Commerce is always starting out on a new program of civic betterment. We are always raising a great fuss about some little political scandal that another city would ignore or smile about.

The little fellows skimming over the surface of things as water spiders skate over a puddle are always starting movements. A million-population-for-Indianapolis club. A buy-a-piece-of-Indianapolis plan. Bigger and better Indianapolis. And so forth, and so on. But meantime the trust companies and banks increase their resources, and mortgage notes enhance in value. The boosters and promoters come, make a fuss, and go; the city profits, steadily,

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inevitably. (We have the biggest and wealthiest building and loan association in the world, I think; certainly, in the United States.)

Being inherently critical, naturally satisfied and generally cautious, we have headed off all the wild-eyed booms and preposterous movements before they could do any damage. If we have headed off dozens of good ones, too, that is just too bad. But maybe not so bad, either, for here's Indianapolis—what's the matter with Indianapolis? But then it will not do to ask the question aloud, for some booster will misinterpret the spirit of the question, and start a new movement to find out what *is* the matter, and correct it. And the fact of the matter, all the while, is that nothing is wrong with Indianapolis except a dearth of good safe liquor, an overabundance of critics, and the dull, dead level of merit that I have already mentioned.

One of the latest of the critics or boosters worked out a good line of chamber-of-commerce stuff, and embodied it in one of our most recent slogans—Somewhere in America there is an economic point. The plot of that slogan is this: Indianapolis shippers can reach more cities of 30,000 in twenty-four hours than the shippers of any other great manufacturing center. More cities of 30,000 can reach Indianapolis in twenty-four hours than can reach any other great center. Indianapolis is near the center of population, the center of electric production, the center of telephone distribution. Indianapolis *is* the economic center of America.

That line of thought is fundamental, the best piece of thinking any of our boosters has produced as yet. It stands out head and shoulders above all the other slogans and battle cries, the dead level of ordinary good ones, as a mountain would stand out of our cornfields. But nothing came of the slogan, as a slogan, though the half-million population is coming from the slogan as a fact, because some of us had our feet on the ground and knew we needed do nothing; some of us were suspicious of any boom; and some of us did not care a whoop whether Indianapolis ever got any bigger or better.

Materially, Indianapolis does very well, and will continue to do very well, whether we reach the half-million mark next year or in 1940. The prophet before the last prophet, just mentioned, was always saying, "Wake up, Indianapolis. Railroads will not happen to you again; nor natural gas, nor oil, nor electric railways. You've got to do something for yourself. Wake up!" But he was wrong. We are still doing business, more and better and bigger business, at the old stand.

But spiritually—well, sometimes some of us become discouraged.

I shall not speak of the Ku Klux Klan, because I am the one man in Indiana that knows nothing whatever about it. I know nothing of any secret society except the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, and only what any other brother knows about it. Besides, the Klan has been pretty well exposed by Masons, Knights of Columbus, Odd Fellows and even Klansmen themselves lately in purchased and published Konfessions. I am not sure whether the Klan's leadership of public morals and politics was any lower or higher than the preceding leadership; and I would not predict as to the hands that will take up leadership following the Klan.

We had one great newspaper that might have led us to higher levels, or at least have steered us clear of the Klan's klutches, but it didn't. Another of our dailies came along as a fine and lusty hell-raiser, won the Pulitzer prize for outstanding community service by delivering us from the Klan, and surprised the whole town by invading the staid Chamber of Commerce for a luncheon in its honor. Our other daily goes serenely along and minds its business of being a good newspaper. I do not know that any of these three could lead us to high planes spiritually or morally.

Our preachers are a good average lot, staying discreetly away from such dangerous and controversial subjects as companionate marriage and evolution. Our artists are a good average lot, highly esteemed by the rest of us. Our educators, we think, are pretty good. We have produced more college presidents than any other state, whole rafts of them, but only a few, like Coffman of Minnesota, Lindley of Kansas, Aley of Maine and Butler, and Aydelotte of Swarthmore, really stand out as good tall fellows. David Starr Jordan, who was one of our boys, started the rest with a fine philosophy of education and life, but that was a long time ago. We think our Indianapolis schools are good; but some educators tell me that whereas in 1900 we had the best city school system in the United States, today we have the best 1900-model system in the country.

We have some people who know and appreciate good literature, and can converse almost intelligently with Shaw or Wells if they visit us. We have thousands of poets as good as Eddie Guest, and thousands more of laymen who think his verse is worth while. Many of us, and this sarcasm is plain *lèse majesté,* esteem James Whitcomb Riley as the finest type of versifier. We have whole clubs of writers, and oodles of people in Who's Who, for whatever that is worth, which must be a great deal.

A good average fellow will enjoy himself living or visiting in Indianapolis, for he will rub shoulders with Eddie Guest fans, and play golf with any number of fellows who can break a hundred regularly. But if he is a champion at poetry, or golf, or music, and takes his championship seriously, I am not so sure. The dead level of merit, or good average mediocrity, is not inspiriting outside the economic field.

And yet we do have some other fellows that have somehow lifted themselves above the plains, above the six-foot corn. Kin Hubbard is here and,

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although he is shy and retiring, he is most certainly the finest American humorist, and you might meet him. Booth Tarkington is here too, at least part of the time, and you might meet him, or Meredith Nicholson. Howard Marmon is here, still making good automobiles. They say he is responsible for as many current standard practices in motor manufacture as any other engineer. And we have other sturdy names, such as Wainwright and Duesenberg, and Chevrolet. And our Kingans revolutionized the packing industry, years ago, by introducing refrigeration.

You will not see Gaar Williams and John McCutcheon, cartoonists, because they have moved to other fields; and so have Ray Long and Roy Howard, and Elmer Davis and others of our boys, who might or might not have amounted to as much back here in our atmosphere.

There have been those of us who have raised our heads above the dead level or good average of Hoosier tradition, but on the whole the dead level has been deadening. And yet I don't know. We may not be so badly off, after all. This thing of the average—well, have you heard the story about the Hoosier traveler *en route* to New York on his first Pullman?

"George, I'd like to give you a tip. What should it be?"

"Well, suh, a dollah is about the average, suh."

"All right, here you are. What's the matter?"

"Nothin', suh, 'cept you's the fust man I eveh see come up to the average."

And there you are. If Indianapolis comes up to the average, it may be the first American city to do so; in which case we can appoint another committee and organize another banquet at the Chamber of Commerce. We might even invite Arnold Bennett to come back and tell us to our faces what he said behind our backs—that we are the most typical American city.

Anyhow, Kansas City is welcome to our old slogan, The Crossroads of America. We have a highbrow one now. Somewhere in America there is an economic point. That's us!

JONATHAN BROOKS.

Many Mansions

The last majority attained
And shut from its small house of dust
Into the heritage of air
The spirit goes because it must;
And halts upon the multiple plane
To look more ways than left and right,
And weeping walks its father's house
Like something homeless in the night.
For now less largely let abroad,
Though but the world they say is mine
I shiver as I take the road.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Concert Reflections

Mr. George Copeland, Carnegie Hall, October 31, 1928.

I

THE PLAYING of Mr. George Copeland has given numerous reflections, here at the end of six dull weeks of the new season, to a theater critic, and led him into a region where his credentials are vague if not inadmissible.

We may consider, for example, the basic nature of an art, alongside idea, intention, interpretation, mental attitude as they might appear in some example of this art—in a theatrical production or theatrical occasion the basic nature of the art of the theater will appear in terms of the play, the actor—his personality, voice, movement, his delight in the thing he is doing and finally the degree of vividness with which he comes over the footlight, his theatricality—the décor and the directing. The fundamentally theatrical element in it all is the vividness, the vibration, the engagement of the audience through some living and infectious life arising there on the stage. Mr. Charles Bickford, for one instance, puts every ounce of his business on to the audience's shoulders; Mack and Moran, with their kind of exciting totality, are the essence of theater. Mr. Walter Hampden, to take another instance, intends the best, he has studied the play, chosen it with the noblest of purposes; but he is not theatrical. It may be preaching, lecturing, description, illustration, that he gives us, but it is scarcely the theater at all. Only now and then in certain lyric reflective passage does the moment seem to catch up and fulfill this player and bring him over into the audience. The rest is all dead mask, solemn intention and a curious benumbing of the play.

On this theatrical side—no small part of a concert pianist's stock in trade—Mr. George Copeland is certainly no great exponent. A rather far-off presence, a manner of receiving applause that is neither persuasive nor calculated to keep the audience clapping; an impression of something solitary, like a vista; an artist shy because of his own distinction, and wilful and sometimes arbitrary because of this shyness; a technique without dramatic display or engaging upheaval; these are not qualities that make the moment satisfying to such as find many things at a concert besides the music they hear. His quality is basically musical.

This is to say that in tone, time and rhythm his playing has an excitement in it that makes it impossible not to listen, and that keeps the audience so unbrokenly attentive, whether they like it or not, all during the whole of his concert. What he presents is the piano and no other instrument, music and no other art.

He may be arbitrary in some of his interpretation, going away from what the composer means to say, he may slight certain passages technically; but he has what certainly every composer must desire first of all and above everything else: the power to turn the piece into music, wrong or right in meaning, but music, with its due life and contagion. For this reason he seems necessary and important in these lands of ours, where there is so much confusion about depth, solemn imports, theory and mission. We have

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so much well meaning study and elaboration that never comes alive at all, and that survives, popularly at least, only through our Nordic gift of somnolescence and conscience where the worthy and serious is involved. There is no doubt that soul and idea in art are the final objects of our search, in music, for example. But while the spiritual idea is ultimate, it is not primary. A man's last quality consists in the ideal, but he is first of all a living man. So in any art. It is first of all a living medium, and afterward the thing to be expressed.

Mr. George Copeland has doubtless as many conceptions as most musicians, and very likely more than many, but his thought is not turgid enough nor sufficiently unmusical in its nature to impress simple beings as studious and intellectual. There are places, I think, where he could pause and let enter into the music a fuller and deeper sense of its meaning and his meaning. But often the effect is of so musical a statement and technically of such equality in the execution of what is easy or difficult, that one is tempted to talk of talent and instinct rather than thought. But that leads into an endless confusion and amounts in the end to a kind of defensive comfort for the speaker. Distinctions between instinct and thought are shadowy enough, unless we are prepared finally to say that it would be wiser to count your heart-beats from the time you were born till you died than to have a healthy pulse. The beating of your heart is one way of keeping alive, as the conception of God or science is another. Thinking is a way of arriving at a form; the test of it is the fruit.

II

You listen to the "Adagio" of Grazioli's or to Scarlatti's "Pastoral-Capriccio," as Mr. George Copeland plays them, you hear certain qualities created—shall we say, for instance, nobility, freshness of perception, elegance, the tragic, the suave—and ask yourself questions. In order to create these qualities, is the artist himself, then, noble, say, or elegant, suave, tragic? Have these qualities, that is, passed with him into action, character and thought? Or can they be absent in the other parts of him and appear in one, in thought, for example, in his general ideas? Or can they be very little even there, and yet lie in him waiting to be carried into art, to achieve a form in which nobility is the content, a body where elegance or suavity is the soul? Or can they be outside him, in the world of men's lives and minds, in the arts and religion, and he, when the moment comes, have the power to hear them where another might not, as one man hears gradations in tone and pitch that another is deaf to? Or does he look up toward this heaven of the "Pastorale" and "Adagio" as a man might in the fields at night, and find patterns within himself by which he perceives the patterns of the stars and constellations? Or is it even simpler than that, and is he drawn by the elements in this music as the moon draws the tides?

III

I listen to Mr. Copeland playing Lecuona's "Malaguena," and hear the thing spread out into all its parts, and weave the passionate multiplicity of its texture. I hear all the units of it, each one distinct in itself, sharp and complete, and all making together the whole. It has something about it that is hard like its own country, Spain. For human beings all definities carry a sigh with them. The very completeness in outline of such music as this is cruel and tragic, though it takes on, through its violent life, a power, like passion's, to absorb and delight us.

Listening thus I am suddenly reminded of Mr. Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" and the admiration expended upon it. One may see the largeness of the canvas in such a work; many generations, characters, customs, changes, modes, fashions, clubs and events are here set into the design, which, certainly it must be admitted, shows a facility of its own, an ease and plausibility that appear to go far, and which established a genuine talent and an admirable social use. But for all this facility and skill, how little creation there really is! The quality that remains uppermost, as the fatal agent, is insensitivity. It appears even in the tone and rhythm of the style. The faithful ear, if it is any good and is given a chance, will hear in those passages, no matter what the subject may be, beauty, a breaking heart, a betrayal, a social enterprise or novelty, a war theme, soup kitchens, youth, landscape, death, love, madness or connoisseurship, the same beat, the same tone, the same deafness to the inner music that these moments out of human experience are bound to possess. This author finds all manageable, and writes freely where Dostoyevsky would come in blood and tears or some saint in vision and prayer; and goes as a spoon might go through some ambitious and elaborate soup, without perceiving its savor. He can describe and explain any part of his matter, because he has never created it; so that what he has opinions about has never quite existed at all. He never, like Dante, bows his head and looks away, at the sight of the love in his lady's eyes—*negli occhi porta la mia porta Amore*—but is always easy, at home and explicable.

But what a wound and finality and baffling apartness there is in this music of the "Malaguena"! There are things about it in which we feel quite at home, but as to that part of it which is art, the artist himself knows it only as a mother might her child; it is as distinct and inexplicable as a thing in nature. About the rest we can talk.

STARK YOUNG.

Markert and the Marxes

THE ARRIVAL of a new pleasure in the theater ought always to be noted, even at the expense of neglecting a repetition of an old one. That is why I put the less known name of Russell E. Markert ahead of the four Marx Brothers who have for years been popular in vaudeville and in their three most recent shows have become favorites in musical shows. "Animal Crackers," in which they are now appearing at the Forty-Fourth Street Theater, is a good show, with not quite so many high moments as "The Coconuts" had, but enough of them to show all the Marxian qualities.

George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind have pro-

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vided them with a witty book and fertile ideas on which the Marxes embroider in a totally irresponsible way which annoys some people. The worst offender (and the most amusing of the four) in this show is Groucho, part of whose technique it is to talk volubly and constantly in the reasonable hope that you will hear and laugh at half of what he says. Absurdities, lunacies, quips, puns pour out of him profusely; the worse the puns are, the more brazenly he emphasizes them, clearly intending you to be amused by his manner, not by his material; and when his material is good, he "throws it away," as the stage directors say. The silent Harpo seems to me to have fallen off a bit this year, to have become a little mannered. But in his best scenes the disarmingly simple character he has created, with an inexhaustible trickery underneath, comes out beautifully. The butler, for instance, tries to put up a bridge table and Harpo assists; as each leg is set up the table is turned, and at each turn Harpo turns the leg down again until the table is revolving like a cartwheel, the butler agonizing over his task and Harpo standing by ever so innocent, guileless and guilty.

The Marxes, unlike the Fratellini, are not a unit; they are four separate comedians who occasionally work together, and rarely create a comic group. That is why the other two, having less talent, fail to justify the billing, although Chico is growing more assured and more comic each year, and Zeppo remains a good straight player. The scene in which they are all together is chiefly remarkable for Kalmar and Ruby's amusing song, "We Are Four of the Three Musketeers." It is rather a pity that Kalmar and Ruby do not let themselves go, for they have written some of the maddest songs extant, but they do not put them into their shows; the two good numbers they now present are both conventional: "Watching the Clouds Roll By" and the less featured, superior melody, "Who's Been Listening to My Heart?"

It is in the first of these that the chorus trained by Mr. Markert appears and makes everything else secondary. Of Mr. Markert's experience I know very little. In "Rain or Shine," last year, a group of dancers came on, exceedingly well trained in the usual peppy manner of American dancers, doing everything well and stepping out of the average by a single number in which the girls sat perfectly still and did what is called a hand drill. Their hands, gloved in green, moved to the music. I am told this is a revival of an old musical show trick, but in fifteen years of fairly faithful attendance I haven't seen it done elsewhere. It was, old or new, beautifully done, with rhythmic perfection and a good sense of the design a number of hands could create. In one other show, recently opened, Mr. Markert trained another good chorus. In "Animal Crackers" he exhibits all his virtues.

A great deal of group dancing in musical shows has to be the usual thing; the girls have to come on in some order, maneuver, and get off. The skill of the director consists in adding a faint touch of freshness to the basic movements, in pointing the line of bodies by a dainty movement at the ankle or varying the monotony of groups of four, by suddenly inserting a group of three; he can, in short, be a little inventive while observing the tradition. In trick dancing the opportunities are greater, for here the good director, bound by the demands of an audience to do something difficult, has the chance to make the difficult beautiful. Nothing is more tiresome than the most agile feat of dancing when it lacks the element of design, and becomes the worst sort of acrobatics. In "Animal Crackers" the Carsons appear (and if they are a specialty team not trained by Mr. Markert they happen to fit into his scheme); the climax of their dance is where each dancer whirls in opposition to the other in such perfect accord that they form a lovely unit of motion.

And finally, Mr. Markert has returned to and perfected the hand drill until it becomes supremely fine, reminding one of Havelock Ellis' saying that savages (and the best of civilized) dancers can use every part of the body as an element in the composition of a dance. Mr. Markert limits himself, in this instance, to the hands and arms; the head and torso are rigid, the rest of the body concealed. And the hands move in perfect unison, creating designs which ravish the eye; the arms rise in a gesture recalling Egyptian figures or move with the mechanical precision of the drill in the manual of the soldier or rise in a formalization of the gesture of appeal. The movements have no interpretative significance; they say nothing about the music, only give themselves to the music.

It would be as easy to draw a diagram of elation as to draw one of this dance which gives elation. After it occurred I could only watch Mr. Markert's dancers and note how, in the more ordinary evolutions, he showed his delicate sense of the value of the whole human body in line and in masses, how constantly the figures changed and enchanted the eye. In one dance the girls wore capes of yellow and of green which they animated to make blocks or points of color, as masses of repose or of movement. In all of the dances something light and dainty had been added to pep. The freshness of the whole thing makes me imagine Mr. Markert a young man; the perfection of it suggests long study of the art of the dance. But, as I have said, it is the appearance of a new pleasure which is most noteworthy, and I am grateful to Mr. Markert for it.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics and Birth Control

SIR: In the issue of the New Republic dated October 31, there appears a letter from Margaret Sanger, containing statements alleged to have been made by a "Father P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council of Washington, D. C." As I am the only person of this name on the headquarters staff of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (not Council) I presume Mrs. Sanger refers to me. I am not a priest, however.

The statements attributed to me and given by Mrs. Sanger in quotation were never made by me and are not a definition of "the attitude of the Catholic Church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics."

About two and one-half years ago an official of the American Birth Control League came to the offices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and, without disclosing her identity, asked for information on the attitude of the Catholic Church towards birth control. She explained she was a non-Catholic. Towards the end of the conversation, which was more or less a desultory one, she disclosed, in reply to a question from me, that she was an official of the American Birth Control League.

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A few days afterwards this lady returned to my office with a typewritten statement, prepared by her, purporting to be a report of our conversation. It was an erroneous and misleading report and the statements therein were not a true record of the conversation. I so informed her and expressly gave her to understand it could not be taken as a statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It was simply a garbled and distorted version of a conversation, written by a Birth Control League official.

When the American Birth Control League circulated this report in March, 1926, it was officially repudiated by the General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in a letter to Mrs. Sanger.

The circumstances under which the representative of the American Birth Control League came to the National Catholic Welfare Conference headquarters, without having made any appointment; the hiding of her identity as an official of the League until actually taxed with it; the preparation of a report which the American Birth Control League made every effort to have me endorse, all suggest that the whole thing was arranged for purposes of birth-control propaganda. The use of this report in the present instance is convincing proof that such was the case.

PATRICK J. WARD.
Director, Bureau of Publicity and Information.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: The typewritten statement of the conversation our legislative secretary had with Mr. Patrick J. Ward was submitted to him on March 2, 1926, for amendment or correction. In a letter dated March 4, 1926, Mr. Ward wrote to the legislative secretary of the American Birth Control League: " . . . there is one statement in paragraph two of 'Facts Brought out in the Interview' which escaped my attention and which I would ask you to correct. 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence, is adultery' should be 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence is *immoral and sinful.*' . . . I shall be glad if you will make this correction."

The original report submitted to Mr. Ward was entitled: "Report of an Interview with Mr. P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council. (Mr. Ward is directing the organized work against Birth Control and has the authority to speak on this matter for the entire Council.)" Nevertheless, the only change or correction made in this report at that time is the one referred to above.

On April 21, 1926, Rev. John J. Burke, general secretary of the Catholic organization, asked for a further correction of the mimeographed report, stating that the National Catholic Welfare Conference "has not had to come out in the open, but has been in the open ever since the first efforts were made to amend the present Federal Penal Code which forbids the United States mails to be used for carrying contraceptive information. Kindly make this correction."

In view of repeated opportunities to correct our report, the present repudiation of his statements by Mr. Ward is rather belated.

Both officials were given the opportunity to deny the statement that I quoted: "It is her duty [the Church's] to interfere and block all legislation that will adversely affect the morals of non-Catholics as well as Catholics, etc." Neither has ever done so.

MARGARET SANGER.
Founder, American Birth Control League, Inc.

New York City.

Is Prohibition a Local Issue?

SIR: For more than ten years I have followed the thought of the New Republic and in most instances have agreed with its trend. At this time, however, I find myself in violent disagreement with your position in the matter of prohibition.

Your error, I think, is caused by your local viewpoint. Because the people of New York City so control the state that they are able to bring a practical nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, they have created a situation which is substantially different from that which obtains in most of the rest of the country. The New York habitant seems to feel that prohibition is impossible because in his locality he can readily purchase very poor liquor for a very high price.

However, the country is large and the conditions are different in different parts thereof. The referendum the New York Governor has sought will be held and the question will be passed upon by the voters. . . .

We feel that excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquor is wrong. It puts many of us in a condition where we do harm to others. It creates a progressive appetite for itself and becomes a social menace. We may continue to use it, but we are not going to vote for it.

Some day I hope to see a campaign in which progressive thought is aligned against reactionary thought. This is not such a campaign.

Kansas City, Mo. DORR H. CARROLL.

A Discussion of the Kellogg Pact

SIR: I think your readers may be interested to know that a conference, dealing with the Paris pact for the general renunciation of war, will be held in New York City on Saturday, November 24. This meeting, under the auspices of the New York State Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, will take place at the Engineering Auditorium, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street, at 2:30 P. M. The speakers will be Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mr. Bruce Bliven and Mr. Alden C. Alley, and the specific theme, "Public Opinion As It Affects the Treaty." The public is invited, and admission is free. RUTH MORGAN,

New York City. Chairman, New York State Committee.

Get Your Money Back

SIR: Among your readers there are some who have put up bonds on aliens ordered deported to Soviet Russia. We are looking for those readers to advise them that we can get their money back through the Department of Labor at Washington.

The impossibility of deporting to Soviet Russia in the absence of diplomatic relations has led the Department at last to see the wisdom of cancelling the bonds and letting these aliens go. They are old cases dating back to the federal drive against Russian Communists. It is an obvious hardship on both aliens and bondsmen to be responsible to the government for a contract which the government cannot keep.

Will your readers who know of any such bondsmen get in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City? ROGER N. BALDWIN,

Director, the American Civil Liberties Union.

New York City.

Britain's Foreign Policy

SIR: We shall be greatly obliged if you will give publicity to the Resolution on "Great Britain and the League of Nations Assembly," printed below. DOROTHY WOODMAN, Secretary,

London. The Union of Democratic Control.

RESOLUTION ON GREAT BRITAIN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY PASSED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL, SEPTEMBER 26, 1928.

"The Executive Committee of the U. D. C. views with anxiety and dismay the policy pursued by the British government both in its relations with other powers and at the Assembly in Geneva. It especially condemns (1) the failure to proceed with the evacuation of the Rhineland; (2) the proposals secretly made between the British and French governments in regard to naval armaments; (3) the refusal to agree to a definite summoning of the Conference on Disarmament.

"It regrets that the close association of the British government with that of France should have led to the development of a reactionary policy which has seriously damaged the usefulness of the League and created amongst other nations a justified cynicism and distrust of the good will of Great Britain in relation to disarmament and peace."

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Boston

Boston, by Upton Sinclair. New York: A. and C. Boni. Two vols. $5.

UPTON SINCLAIR is the leading practitioner of the form of fiction known historically as the novel of purpose. The use of stories for moral edification began in the morning of the race, but at certain periods the practice has achieved special importance. These in English literature have been periods of social ferment, such as the years preceding the French Revolution, when Godwin wrote in "Caleb Williams" his blasting arraignment of the British Constitution and the vice inherent in the possession of power. Another such period was the middle nineteenth century, when the woes of the industrial system moved Kingsley to write "Alton Locke," Mrs. Gaskell to write "North and South," and Dickens to write "Hard Times." The novel of purpose has continued to hold an honorable place in English fiction between the realistic novel, which seeks only to portray the world as it is, and the romantic, which would provide an escape from it. It has accounted for much of the work of Tolstoy and Zola, of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wells in England, of W. D. Howells, Frank Norris and Robert Herrick in America. While these writers used the advancing technique of the novel to clothe the didactic element in their work, Upton Sinclair has never invoked the principle of art to conceal art—he has allowed his intention to stand forth naked and unashamed. Mr. Sinclair has notable qualities as a novelist of purpose. He has the realist's power of collecting facts. With enormous industry and pertinacity and by all the various methods of observation, interviews, reports in newspapers and correspondence he follows the trail, from which no difficulty, inconvenience, rebuff or danger can distract him. He has also the quality of moral romanticism—a conscience stirred in behalf of the suffering and wronged, and a moral energy capable of being transmuted into burning indignation in the presence of social injustice. His genius finds its natural expression in the novel of purpose. To the art of fiction we can imagine him paraphrasing Newman's reply to logic: Since the process leads to a right conclusion, and was intended to lead to it, if art find fault with it, so much the worse for art.

In "Boston" Upton Sinclair finds a subject made to his hand. Here is a human story of two Italian immigrants, accepted by society for the value of their necessary labor and yet despised, hated and feared by that society for the elements aside from the merely physical which they bring to it. Boston is the symbol of that society, a city in which the rule of a class is most consciously sanctified by tradition and privilege, a class powerful in its solidarity, seldom challenged by public opinion. Mr. Sinclair weaves the pattern of this story of the two Italians upon the background of social pride and power. The divine right of kings has never found more extreme expression than the divine right of class, in the institutions which it dominates. When Mr. Arthur D. Hill, refused by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts the opportunity to present new evidence on behalf of his clients because a year had elapsed since those unfortunate men had been sentenced, contended that no law could possibly be meant to take the lives of men who might be proved innocent, Massachusetts justice merely smiled. A touch of irony of which Mr. Sinclair makes full use lies in the fact that Boston itself, in the course of its history, illustrates the mistakes of the same class power which was invoked against the two Italians. The silk-hatted mob which dragged Garrison down State Street, the clubs which hissed Robert Shaw at the head of his black regiment, were made up of the fathers of the men who doomed Sacco and Vanzetti. The background is essential to the story. Sacco and Vanzetti might have been mutilated and lynched in Houston, Texas, or in Centralia, Washington. Elsewhere than in Boston they could not have been subjected to the seven years' torture of legal cat-and-mouse play at the hands of a patrioteering judge, only to be given the *coup de grâce* at the end by the big hunters, the Supreme Court, the Governor of the state, the President of Harvard University.

The form of novel which Mr. Sinclair practises usually calls for a character who moves through the story, the center of the plot, a collector of facts, an observer, an interpreter. Many novels of purpose fail because of the weakness of this key character. In Kingsley's "Alton Locke" and in Zola's "Fécondité" we are repelled by the activities of the hero, who is so constantly on the move to testify to the author's purpose that he has no life of his own. Mr. Sinclair has been fortunate in establishing as his major character the widow of an ex-Governor and industrial magnate, bearer of a three-hundred-year-old name in Massachusetts, who, after spending forty of her sixty years in playing her part as co-head of her husband's distinguished family, decides at last that she will live the rest of life for herself. After his late Excellency, Josiah Quincy Thornwell, has had his funeral, stately with all the elegant trappings of social and ecclesiastical superstition, Cornelia, his wife, leaves his possessions to be wrangled over by their new possessors, and goes out to live by her own efforts. Chance takes her to Plymouth; there she finds work in the cordage factory, and room and board with an Italian family, the Brinis, where there is a fellow boarder, Bartolomeo Vanzetti. With her, we see the life of Italian peasants thrown into the hard industrial society of New England. She has an intimate view of the class struggle in the strike at the Plymouth Cordage Company's works: she hears the blows of hickory clubs on the heads of men and women in the picket line, and sees a battered worker borne out of danger by Vanzetti. Through him she meets Sacco and other members of the Galleani group of anarchists. After a year her family discovers her, and she goes back to live in a tenement apartment in Boston.

Before Cornelia's eyes unrolls the panorama of the next ten years. There is the War and revolution in Russia. There is the red hysteria, Palmer's red raids, with their toll of suffering and death, and the arrest and death of Salsedo, the friend of Sacco and Vanzetti, held in illegal custody by the United States Department of Justice. Closely following this come the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti themselves for the "Bridgewater Crime" and the "Braintree Crime," and then the two trials, conducted in the midst of war hysteria, and with every circumstance emphasized by the state to appeal to the patriotic prejudice of the jury. After the conviction Mr. Sinclair shows in lucid detail how the evidence against the accused melted away, and how new evidence in their favor accumulated which the defense could only present in fragments in successive motions for a new trial, always met by Judge Thayer with his grim decision, "Motion denied." He deals candidly with the difficulties of the defense in the effort to raise funds and determine policies through a committee dominated by Italian anarchists, who were not interested in bringing the real criminals to justice, to whom there was,

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as to Sacco and Vanzetti themselves, something more important than the lives of two comrades, however innocent, the sacred *filosofia anarchica*. Finally comes the sentence; the appeal to the Governor and his special committee before whom the defense has its chance to review its case as a whole, only to find a new extra-legal form of procedure as much determined by dullness and prejudice as that of the court; the appeal to the Supreme Court; the last-minute reprieve; the hurried efforts to secure a writ of *certiorari* from a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, or the opening of the files of the national Department of Justice, whose pursuit of the anarchists and illegal sequestration of Salsedo was the origin of the case; and finally the last frenzied demonstrations about the State House and on Boston Common by men and women who were determined that innocent men should not die, and were willing to confront the armed forces of the city and go to jail by scores in protest against this wrong and shame. The last part of Mr. Sinclair's narrative is pure reporting, but not the less effective for that.

Mr. Sinclair would probably say that all his characters are drawn from life, but there is a difference between those who appear in *propria persona* and those who are disguised as fiction. The latter tend to be types. The numerous Thornwell tribe represents various forms of privilege and parasitism. There are Cornelia's sons-in-law, Rupert Alvin, the hard-boiled banker, Henry Cabot Winters, the cynical lawyer, who are involved with other great bankers and lawyers in the trial which for a year ran parallel with that of Sacco and Vanzetti, for capturing, through their control of credit, the business of one Jerry Walker, to whom the jury awarded $10,000,000 damages, only to have the verdict set aside by the Supreme Court. (In this matter Mr. Sinclair follows the Willett case, described in the New Republic of January 21, 1925.) There are her daughters, Priscilla, the genius of good form, Alice, the spiritual vagrant and faddist, Clara, the mother of eight. Her grand-daughter, Betty, and her husband Joe Randall are young radicals of whom Mr. Sinclair is dotingly fond, and whose parts he fattens assiduously. Cornelia, though bearing a fictitious name, is, Mr. Sinclair assures us, a real person, and we can easily believe it. Through her eyes we see Vanzetti, the dreamer, the learner, the friend and helper of his fellow men, so eager for light and truth, so simple, and pure, and humble. The character of Vanzetti is drawn from his letters and from the accounts of those who knew him. It is impossible that he should have maintained his mask and acted a part for seven years. Mr. Sinclair is right, and the friendship of Cornelia Thornwell and Bartolomeo Vanzetti is a strain of pure music in his book. Sacco is both a more primitive type and less intimately known, but Mr. Sinclair makes him none the less real by leaving his sketch rather in the rough. Over against the two victims stand the three figures of Lowell, Fuller and Thayer—and they are unforgettable, each in a characteristic and revealing gesture: Lowell apologizing to the Italians who testified to Sacco's alibi for calling them liars, and still maintaining the assumption that they were liars; Fuller, insisting on his reward, the nomination to the vice-presidency, though the Republican Convention repelled him, almost in Elizabethan terms—"Faugh! It smells of blood"; Thayer screaming "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards"—words which will remain indelibly printed across the face of "Massachusetts justice," slightly smeared by Judge Grant's comment—"a grave indiscretion."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Halidé Edib and the Turkish Revolution

The Turkish Ordeal, by Halidé Edib. New York: The Century Company. 407 pages. $4.

HALIDE EDIB would be a distinguished woman in any country in the world. In Turkey, where for generations the activities of women were narrowly circumscribed, she is a phenomenon—the most convincing single piece of evidence that a new social order has evolved in the Near East. The first Turkish woman equipped with an American education, she has been a successful novelist, journalist, professor, politician, social worker, and soldier. In this second volume of her memoirs she has described her personal experiences in the critical days of 1918 to 1922. But she has done more, she has written a vivid account of the revolution in Turkey from the Mudros armistice, which celebrated the death of the Ottoman Empire, to the Mudania armistice, which marked the emergence of the new Turkish nation. The book is not a translation; it was written in English. It is notable for clarity and for a fine dramatic quality in its descriptions of the Greco-Turkish combat and the backwash of that bitter war of extermination. In general, the author maintains her poise; where there is an occasional flash of bitterness against the stupidity of the Allies and the cruelty of their Near Eastern puppets, one feels that it is not without justification. No more convincing volume has thus far been written of the rise of Turkish nationalism, of the almost insuperable difficulties which faced its leaders, and of the circumstances which led to its final triumph. In only one respect may the book be said to be really disappointing—Madame Halidé does not deal adequately with the tragic burning of Smyrna; she missed a fine opportunity here to set forth all the facts which have thus far been made available.

The author is not the only person who shows to advantage in these pages. Her husband, the charming and modest Dr. Adnan, is truly pictured as one of the main props of the Nationalist regime and, in addition, as a fine humanitarian who gave his strength unsparingly in the assault on that scourge of Anatolia—malaria. Then there is that dashing soldier Refet Pasha, Beau Brummel and *beau sabreur*, who loved the comforts of civilization, but who willingly lived in frontier Angora for his cause. A second general vividly described is the phlegmatic Ismet Pasha, nemesis of Lord Curzon at Lausanne—modest, doggedly courageous, keen enough to know what was going on, but deaf enough to ignore what he chose not to hear. In the opinion of Madame Halidé, it was his military leadership which saved Angora and Turkey from the Greek invasion. And high tribute is paid to the Americans who cross these pages: Professor Barnette Miller, Miss Florence Billings and her co-worker Miss Allan, Mr. Charles R. Crane, Professor Isabel Dodd, among others.

By far the most interesting character study in the book is that of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Commander of the Turkish army after the armistice of 1918, he was sent into Anatolia the following year to crush popular resentment against the Greek landing at Smyrna; instead, he deserted to the Nationalist cause and became its leader. In this move he was dominated not merely by genuine patriotism, but by an insatiable ambition; from the very first, in Madame Halidé's opinion, his glove concealed a mailed fist. He was possessed of the energy of ten men;

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determined to rule absolutely, he could work with the National Assembly only because of his ability to talk until he had "exhausted everyone around him." He was satirical, thoroughly cynical, merciless with shams (although curiously superstitious), ruthless in his methods—even to the point of being treacherous to his closest friends. An unquestionably brave man, "he lacked the courage which can survive without a gallery." "Take any man from the street," says Madame Halidé, "who is shrewd, selfish, and utterly unscrupulous, give him the insistence and histrionics of an hysterical woman who is willing to employ any wile to satisfy her inexhaustible desires, then view him through the largest magnifying glass you can find—and you'll see Mustafa Kemal Pasha." Nevertheless, this extraordinary Turkish officer was the "colossal personification" of Turkish nationalism. "The Turkish people has honored Mustafa Kemal Pasha as its symbol. For this reason Mustafa Kemal Pasha will have a pedestal in the heart of every true Turk, even among those who have been irretrievably wronged by him." Among those thus wronged are Halidé Edib and Dr. Adnan, living in exile in London.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

The Stuff That Empires Are Made of

The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher, by William McFee. The Golden Hind Series. New York: Harper and Brothers. 276 pages. $4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH had at least two of the virtues of a great executive: she was an unscrupulous liar and she knew a man when she saw one. During the half-century or so that she was exasperating her own ministers and bewildering the statesmen of Europe, her country emerged from an insignificant position as a northern island, which Spain had not yet had time to subdue, into that of a world power. This new destiny, though Elizabeth herself was hardly aware of the fact, was chiefly due to the exploits of her ships. The three hundred years of expanding influence that followed her death had their roots in a handful of ambitious men, such as Drake, Howard, Hawkins and Frobisher. Neither she nor they fully realized that they were doing more than sack Spanish towns in the West Indies and bring Spanish galleons into Plymouth: they were inventing the British navy and merchant marine.

In "The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher" William McFee has written a sturdy, seaman's account of one of these men; and though he has confined himself, like a good biographer, to the adventures of Frobisher, the most interesting aspect of the work is Mr. McFee's tracing of the ambiguous path—and for this Frobisher served as an excellent example—by which the new tradition came into force.

Martin Frobisher, who once plucked an Eskimo out of the sea, kayak and all, and set him down on the deck, was a Yorkshire Hercules, with a quick temper, long arms, and a practical mind. He began his career as an irresponsible pirate, several times in trouble with the police. From that he graduated, or descended, into the slave trade off the coast of Africa. He first received royal patronage when he undertook to discover a northwest passage to Cathay; but when his three attempts failed to bring back gold, he once more sank into obscurity. After his failure as an explorer, he went back for a while to his old trade of piracy, this time under Drake in the Caribbean. Meanwhile, the other future heroes of the battle with the Armada were getting their schooling in similar ways. And when they finally united for the first time, in order to repel the Spanish invasion, they brought a new type of swift, light ship that out-maneuvered the Spanish galleons at every point; commanders that were both reckless and experienced; and crews that were already united in a common loyalty. The Armada, made up of huge ships manned by slaves of a dozen nationalities, was discovered to be an unwieldy archaism: British maritime power was born, off Plymouth Sound and the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1588. But it had been conceived in the heat of the slave trade, the greed of piracy, and the arctic rigors of exploration on the coasts of Greenland.

Mr. McFee logically makes the triumph over the Armada, of which he gives a clear, running account, the climax of his book. From that time on, Frobisher enjoyed fame, responsibility and wealth. He devoted himself to serving the Queen with loyalty and good sense, and solidifying his own position. For he had risen from obscurity and lawlessness to the rank of Admiral, and had accumulated loot to the tune of thirty or forty thousand pounds, which he had salted away in landed estates: he was indeed the stuff that Empires are made of.

"The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher" is not intended as a contribution to history, but as a popularization. As such, it has the double interest of an adventurous tale and a seaman's interpretation of a great sea-going period. Except for a somewhat tiresome resentment against the arrogance of Spain—which seems to have been natural enough in the first half of the sixteenth century—Mr. McFee writes with an open mind and a plain, vigorous style. His language never rises to the vividness of great prose that the deeds he chronicles invite; but his book is soundly and interestingly written.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Psychoanalysis as Prophet

The Future of an Illusion, by Sigmund Freud. Translated by W. D. Robson-Scott. New York: Horace Liveright and the Institute of Psychoanalysis. 98 pages. $2.

THE "illusion" of Dr. Freud's little book is religion. Religion, we are told, is the "universal obsessional neurosis of humanity. It, like the child's, originated in the Oedipus complex, the relation to the father. According to this conception one might prophesy that the abandoning of religion must take place with the fateful inexorability of a process of growth, and that we are just now in the middle of this phase of development." There are many who would need a less formidable terminology with which to warn off the future from religion.

Culture, in all probability, "must be built up on coercion and instinctual renunciation." All men are, at bottom, anti-cultural, and if they submit to its demands it is largely, thinks Freud, because of certain terrors, which have been fastened on to them, of the dire consequences which would ensue if the fantasied will of a projected father-image—often referred to as God—is flouted. Really mature human beings manage to see, with the unmystical light of the intelligence alone, that cultural values cannot be maintained without some individual sacrifice of the deeply buried instinctive wishes, such as incest, cannibalism

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and murder, which are so easily demonstrated to bother Freud's inevitable triad of children, neurotics and savages, but the vast majority of mankind, even a number of psychoanalysts, have not dared to trust their intelligence, but have preferred to get themselves ordered around by the bugaboos of religion. Needless to say, it is the antique remorse for the slaying of the primordial father by his exasperated children—see "Totem and Taboo" for the authorized version of this drama—which motivated the creation of God and his religion.

Is it reasonable to suppose that mankind can forever go on underpinning its culture with such cloudy, fear-born stuff as all that? What neither Atlas nor fabled elephant, even elephant supported by tortoise, could in the end accomplish for a stable mother earth, that neither ghostly Father nor his dark wishes can be expected to do for culture and right living. To be sure, it is perilous to expose the dread truth, and Freud has some uneasy sentences on this score. "Culture has little to fear from the educated or from the brain workers. . . . But it is another matter with the great mass of the uneducated and suppressed, who have every reason to be enemies of culture. So long as they do not discover that people no longer believe in God, all is well. But they discover it, infallibly, and would do so even if this work of mine were not published. . . . Is there not a danger that these masses, in their hostility to culture, will attack the weak point which they have discovered in their taskmaster? If you must not kill your neighbor, solely because God has forbidden it and will sorely avenge it in this or the other life, and you then discover that there is no God so that one need not fear his punishment, then you will certainly kill without hesitation, and you could only be prevented from this by mundane force."

All of which may prove Freud's courage in braving ostracism from Heaven and its spokesmen on earth, or merely that psychoanalysis is less exciting as social philosopher and prophet than as clinician.

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Hogarth Essays

The Hogarth Essays. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 336 pages. $3.

ONE wonders in what sense the several contributors to this interesting collection may be said to constitute, as the publisher's note insists, a group; whether their kinship is really more profound than the accident of their having each appeared, at one time or another, in the attractive format of the Hogarth Press pamphlet series. Certainly there is little in common between the brash journalism of Miss Rose Macaulay's assault on the journalists and the subdued ardors of Mr. T. S. Eliot's excavations among the seventeenth-century poets. Nor can we believe that Mr. Roger Fry, with his acute passion for formal relations, is actually as close to Miss Gertrude Stein, with her equally acute passion for informal relations, as their two names next each other on the contents page might suggest. The charm of the volume, and its importance, are, on the contrary, in the variety, rather than in the resemblance of the points of view represented. It is stimulating to watch so many different ideas, styles, modes of expression rubbing shoulders with each other within the enforced intimacy of a single set of boards; it is important to have testimony that intellectual activity in our day is so much alive as to possess this variety. There is a self-consciousness of the present and a solicitous consciousness of the future running through almost all these essays: Mr. Robert Graves' "The Future of the Art of Poetry" may be taken as a particular consideration of the larger "Prospects of Literature" treated by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. In Mrs. Woolf's own contribution, the celebrated paper on Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown, we are offered a fresh and altogether ingratiating statement of the case for the modern novel. Of a different nature, certainly, but none the less welcome, is Miss Bosanquet's "Henry James at Work," which contains certain rare little facts about the Master's routine of composition as illuminating as whole treatises on his work. The collection as a whole, including some of the most distinguished critical writing of the generation, justifies itself on other grounds than that of convenience.

WILLIAM TROY.

Cursory Rhymes

Cursory Rhymes, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 124 pages. $2.

ONE has come to expect certain things of Humbert Wolfe as a poet. He has created a style distinctly his own—one in which subject-matter is thinned in expression to fit the artifice of its rhyme and rhythm, resulting in a brittle, crystal clarity. He has written serious poetry of merit on this structure—his sonnets are less successful—but he has wielded these stylistic inventions to complete success only in "Kensington Gardens." In "Cursory Rhymes," verse of the same character, freshness is lacking. His devices are obviously just devices; they are too mathematically correct, too deliberately calculated, to remain covert instruments of expression; they click, for the most part, quite emptily.

Of amusing exception—and, strangely enough, more ordinary in style—is "The Return of the Fairy" who, banished from fairyland to London,

> found to her horror
> that nobody clinches
> a bargain with persons
> of less than two inches.

Her life on earth is entertainingly, ingeniously developed. Her housing difficulties settled, staff difficulties—"who were too tall by about seven foot and a half"—ensued,

> So she had to employ
> a mouse for a cook
> (who ate every page
> of the recipe book)

Her final return to fairyland has real charm. Here the Humbert Wolfe of precise, cool, but colorful phrase, of fine clean image, comes signally to the front. Juvenile as these verses are in content, they need adult appreciation.

On the whole, however, this volume is rather tedious. Mr. Wolfe says that all we will find here is something he has had in mind since he was six, and adds

> if it's rotten
> it only shows that I've
> forgotten.

Perhaps he should ask himself Kenneth Grahame's question: "Can it be that I too have become an Olympian?"

ELLING AANNESTAD.

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Modern Catholicism

Catholicism and the Modern Mind, by Michael Williams. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 348 pages. $3.50.

IN many ways Mr. Williams' contribution to the Catholic controversy is interesting and curious. Its interest chiefly centers in the fact that this avowed champion of orthodox Roman Catholicism, this semi-official spokesman of the American Catholic Bishops (and of the Pope on a recent occasion), this "most influential lay Catholic of America" (Cover-leaf), this author of many pious booklets, should have gone over to the side, not merely of advanced Liberalism, but apparently of Modernism. "Catholicism and the Modern Mind" is impregnated with theology unorthodox from the Roman point of view, while bitterly opposed to Protestantism and "the deadly doctrine of private judgment." It is, on the one hand, aggressively, at times offensively, polemic—as when Mr. John Jay Chapman is accused of abandoning in his writings about Catholicism "the ordinary usages which govern lawyers, scholars and gentlemen." On the other hand, it is as insidiously (I speak here the language of a heresy-hunter) and extravagantly heretical. The apogee of Mr. Williams' Modernism is reached when he affirms that the truth, the divine truth of the Catholic Church is *"unprovable in any ordinary sense of that word."* With this "new" doctrine, non-Catholics will be in hearty agreement, but no *Roman* Catholic will read it without a sense of horror! Tyrrell and Loisy never went so far—yet it comes from "the most influential lay-Catholic in America."

But this fundamental heresy is backed up by a heresy equally obnoxious to Rome. Mr. Williams regards "Encyclicals," which Cardinal Gibbons called "the most weighty authority in the Church," which every Catholic knows to be norms of opinion and conduct binding on all Catholics, as mere "considered opinions of individual Popes," not of necessity "binding laws of the Church." Of course they are, Mr. Williams, *always and of necessity!*

Mr. Williams appears to sympathize with the "overwhelming [Catholic] American doctrine" against "the resumption of the Pope's acknowledged place as head of a State"—and he would like non-Italian Popes and so forth. Is he unaware of the censures of Rome for the publication of such teachings? To him, as "an old newspaper man," Pius X wrote in 1903 (December 18): "It is the duty of Catholic journalists to keep alive in the minds of the people the conviction that the Holy See finds itself in an intolerable position since the invasion of its civil principality." "Catholicism and the Modern Mind" is curious, as well as interesting. Professedly written in "the praise of the Holy, Roman, Catholic Apostolic Church," and obviously "having special reference to religion and morality," it has not, as Pius X (*Pascendi Dominici Gregis*) ordained that such books should have, an *"imprimatur"* or *"nihil obstat."* Neither does Mr. Williams make any acknowledgment to the Atlantic Monthly for reprinting an article therefrom. But as against these surprising omissions it must be remembered that it was "put together" in a Trappist monastery in Kentucky during Holy Week last, whither the author had gone to make a Spiritual Retreat, with "apples and oranges and cigarettes and a bottle of castor oil." For, as he tells us, mystic though he be, "it is well to purge the body as well as the soul when you go into Retreat."

E. Boyd Barrett.

Fiction Notes

Samson, by Robert Collyer Washburn. New York: J. H. Sears and Company, Inc. $2.50.

MR. WASHBURN has written a novel which, in spite of certain obvious defects, introduces to the public a writer with an unmistakable gift for the composition of beautiful and living prose. The defects of the book derive almost exclusively from its self-consciousness, its awareness of audience. First of its faults is a tendency toward facetiousness, accentuated at times until the work slumps to the level of Fourteenth-Street burlesque in its effort to "get a laugh." Another fault, perceptible with less frequency, is the excessively literary quality of its satire, which becomes at last derivative and over-written. In all the more solemn moments of the tale these blemishes —due above all to a dangerous desire to please—are washed away in the torrents of a richly lyrical style. The lament of Samson in the last chapter is a Biblical paraphrase of such quality that one doubts whether any other writer now working could have brought it off. In this and similar passages the author dares to use lines from the Bible as the groundwork upon which to embroider his own complex and imaginative prose, and no higher praise could be given him than the statement that on some of these pages one does not know where the Old Testament stops and Mr. Washburn begins. The book as a whole is as self-conscious as a suite by Ravel, and far less fastidious. But it does occasionally rise to heights which authorize confidence in its author's future.

V. S.

Prelude to a Rope for Myer, by L. Steni. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. $2.

ROGOZHIN cast in the part of a London Jew. Myer is the proprietor of a cinema, and is deeply in love with his part-time mistress, who is a gold-digger of the worst sort. The events leading up to his crime are narrated in a manner that seems at first over-literary for the sordidness of the subject; but the style is a kind of filter through which these police-blotter facts are sifted into tragedy. This is a first novel, exceptionally well done.

T. S. M.

Black Country, by Bruce Beddow. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ANOTHER author flouts our precious technique of the novel. Considerations of style and structure look trivial against the reality of Bruce Beddow's English coal country in the period when the unions were fighting for life. The book simply sets a three-dimensional scene about the pitmen who risked their lives to win bread for their families, and risked their families' bread to help their fellow workers. And these in turn serve as background to the struggle of George Rudd, unwilling Messiah, torn by his mother's fanaticism and his own conflicting devotions, forced in the end to renounce all because he could not renounce part in time. George's tragedy and his author's achievement lie in the fact that behind his speech-making this Messiah was just a pudgy, sensitive, precocious adolescent. It is some years since Dreiser first triumphed over his own amorphous style, scoring a victory for matter against manner. Today when we take for granted a medium that is steel-polished or artfully crude, the feat is more difficult. But "Black Country" shows that it can still be done.

E. G.

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BORZOI GERMAN LITERATURE

The Devil's Shadow

by FRANK THIESS

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The One and the Other, by Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WHEN a critic publishes his first novel, the public is apt to take a rather ghoulish interest in the event. Can he, people wonder, meet his own exacting tests? Richard Curle, Conrad's literary executor, survives the ordeal with only moderate success. "The One and the Other," a tale of two brooding and passionate brothers who love the same woman, is written with a kind of suave distinction. It dramatizes the emotions, the dark, concealed impulses of some half-dozen men and women who are drawn together, one stifling London summer, by a curious combination of causes which stretch back into the past and have their root in foreign lands. The book has the elements of a powerful spiritual melodrama, but it lacks any vitalizing spark, any stinging reality. Mr. Curle does not deal convincingly with raw passions. His intricately conceived characters are products of artifice, not of life. E. H. W.

The Whisper of a Name, by Marie Le Franc. Translated by George and Hilda Shively. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

THIS book, exquisite in its simplicity, has the sustained beauty of a lyric. It is unmarred by any false note. On the Breton moors, windy and sea-beaten, which offer her a refuge from disturbing memories, Eve meets a mysterious child-like man whom the villagers call Big Louis. Glorious in body, his mind and memory have been affected by shell-shock, and yet he has a patient dignity, a curious inner integrity which prevent him from being pitiable. She gives him food and shelter, makes him her companion, and slowly the two are drawn together by some half-mystic bond which almost destroys the necessity of speech between them. The barriers imposed by Eve's sophistication crumble imperceptibly, and their relationship ripens to fruition with easy and perfect naturalness. Such a plot needs delicate handling, but "The Whisper of a Name" has a spiritual purity, an essential rightness, which make it a rare and lovely creation. E. H. W.

Contributors

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